PERKINS SEES NEW YORK.

FRENCHIOWN IS MORIBUND AND THE JUDGE GIVES IT UP.

He Lives Up to the Oath He Swore to Stemwinder Jackson and Then Comes to the Metropolis - Fifth Avenue Pleases Him and He Admires Some Other Things-A Roof Garden Experience and on Incident at the Theatre-An Interview with a Man Who Claimed Reindoubly with Dr. Chauncey M. Depew. Judge J. Henry Perkins of Frenchtown, Neb., is at the latin Avenue. - The Hotel Register.

Frenchtown has a sod house and a Catholic arch, and it had Judge Perkins's store. Tradition says that long ago, when Little Crow was still a power with the Sloux, a Frenchman chased out of western lows by advancing civiltration built the sod house and established the settlement. Then Crook thrashed the Sioux twice across Nebraska, Fort Niebrara was established, and the heavy freight trains began to ereak out over the sand from West Point or Norfolk to the Fort. Some enthusiastic priest found the lone child of the Church at Frenchtext and built him a house of worship out of capboards laboriously lugged in by the eight-



yoke teams of the bullwhackers. Hard on the trail of this forelooper came Judge Perkins; sized up Neligh and said it was no good; prosrected Pishelville and Verdierls and gave his scornful nose a more disdainful tilt; surveyed Antelone with feers and derision, and mocked the ancestry of its founders. Then he went to French town, and as he saw its beauties and its political and commercial possibilities, he tipped back on his head and swore softly under his "Eureka, by the beard of John Riddle!"

That was a long time ago, before Stemwinder Jackson went to the Rosebud, and when Ed Hall was still trying to break into the Legislature, The railroad was wriggling its dusty way across the sands, and Judge Perkins drooped his eyelids and dreamed day dreams of the time when Frenchtown should be a division end and his \$1.25 an acre preëmption and timber claims would be all cut up into town lots, and there would be Perkins avenue, and Perkins place. and Perkins square, and the Hotel Perkins, and the Perkins Opera House. He hauled his logs from the Elkhorn and built his store. A twenty-wagon train from Norfolk outfitted him, and the boom of Frenchtown began,

But somehow the railroad went to the despised Neligh. Still, the freighters made Frenchtown, and business with Judge Perkins did not languist. But after a while the road scrambled on to O'Neil, and then to Valentine, and finally out to Long Pine and Chadem. And then it got into Deadwood, and there was nothing more in Frenchtown to whoop it up for then.

"Ferkins," said Stemwinder Jackson once,



IT WAS JUDGE PERKINS.

when he had stopped over on his way down from the Rosebud, "why don't you get out of this? You might go up to Valentine now and make a strike."

"No. Stemwinder." answered the Judge. "You don't know J. Henry Perkins. Valentine may be a fair enough place for Ed Hall or Steve Crawford or Ebenezer Bonus Good, but not for Judge Perkins. Judge Perkins, sir, knows what he wants, and he knows when he's got it. He's got it, sir, now, at Frenchtown, where the free air blows fresh all day long and the cool breezes from the south play gently around his couch at night, untrammelled by the fetters of the jim-crow civilization of Valentine and unpolluted by the stockyard development of Neligh, In Frenchtown Judge Perkins is, sir, and in Frenchtown Judge Perkins stays, sir, as long as Frenchtown is Frenchtown. And when the unhappy day arrives that shall bring the melancholy fate of termination to Frenchtown, on that day, sir, and never before, does J. Henry

Perkins remove his habitation."

Having heard a full account of this conversation from Stemwinder Jackson himself, and being familiar with Judge Perkins's reputation. It was with surprise not unmixed with regret that THE SUN's Nebraska reporter saw the announcement of the arrival of Judge Perkins in New York, betokening as it did the downfall of

Yes," said the clerk of the hotel, "Judge Perkins is still here, but he's not in at present. He came here three days ago, but he doesn't spend much time in the hotel. He was asking about roof gardens just before he went out this evening, and I fancy you will find him up the

It was one of those delightful nights in the



JUDGE PERKINS AMUSED.

first part of last week, when the humidity and temperature had both gone up to visit Farmer leans to his observation room on top of the Manhattan Life building. The roof garden was founded. Every seat was taken and every slike was occupied by a crowd, except one. At that one there sat, alone, a tail, angular, slender

man, absorbed in the contemplation of a long B and S. His left hand rested on the table, and his right held the object of his meditations. His long frock coat was buttoned so tightly across his chest that it gaped open between the buttons. On his head was a sombrero, which looked se if it had campaigned with Crook, and was surrounded by a leather band so trimmed with silver as almost to declare its wearer a mile owner. It was Judge Perkins. There was an air about him as grave as if he were presiding at the trial of a Brown county rustler, with the rope ready under the table. The heavy sombrero shaded his eyes, out in the set of his chin and the droop of his long, tawny moistache the Nebraka reporter recognized the old fierce look of determination that evidenced the inherent force which made J. Henry Perkins Judge in the wild, free days before the grasshoppers ate Brown county into starration and submission. The song they were singing on the stage was:

Oh, Lonce knew a pretty girl. Oh, I once knew a pretty girl, Her face was like a horse and buggy. And her shoes were full of fest, Oh; Fireman save my child.

Judge Perkins is a child of the boundless

HE SEES FIFTH AVENUE.

every fellow in the family. I was coming down there the other day when two fellows came up with a damn thunderin line outilt, with siver things on the harness. One of 'em was dressed out of sight with skin tight white breeches and shiny leather boots. 'Hy thunder,' I says to myself, 'there's one of those Vanderbilts now,' I says, an' I bet it was.

'Yes, sir, Fifth avenue's great. I wouldn't mind owning that street myself, 'There's a church up there that beats our Catholic church at Frenchtown all hollow. I admire to see these second story street cars, too, and, by ginger, the ways they take you for a nickel beats my time. Money must be mighty pienty here when they can do that with it. Its pienty enough, I guess, but every fellow you meet has gat some scheme to get yours away from you. Why there was a chao from Indiana came down on the train with me when I came here, and we went to some restaurant up here apiece to get supper. Well, by the breath o' Joe Cook's Hoistein helfer, if they didn't charge that fellow a dellar and eighty cents for what we are. Well, sir, he looked up at the waiter, and he looked at the bill, and he looked up at me, and he says: 'Say, lets got back.' But I says. 'No, sir. I'm not going back till I'm seen this town.' I've pretty near seen her now, though, and when I've been to Coney Island and taken a dip into Brooklyn. I'll be ready for Nebraska again.

'Yes, Frenchtown is about done for, The damned railroad did it. If Ed Hall had got into the Legislature he'd have made the road come to Frenchtown, but Ed didn't make it. There's a good thing going to be in one of those new countles, though, and if Ed or I can get to be County Treasurer, why, we'll get along yet.'

Which is how Judge Perkins of Frenchtown lived up to the boast he made to Stemwinder Jackson, and yet saw the metropolis.

Her face was like a horse and buggy.

And her shoes were full of reet.

Oh! Fleman save my child.

The tips of the drouping moustache guivered and it was obvious why the Judge sat sione. Whatever there was in his heart, there was danger in his face, and the manager out by the elevator was sending for a policeman.

Well, by the ghost of Ham Dorsey's spotted coach dog!" ejaculated the Judge, as the Nebraska reporter moved over to his table and came in range of the sombrero-shaded eyes, "I am glad to see you, by gravy I am. I've been in this damned town three mortal days, and you're the first man I know I've set eyes on. Here, watter! You, there, come here: bring us that whiskey, and, say, you get it to-night, too, d'ye understand, or, damn your vellow eyes, there'il be a fuss up here. By thunder, I'm glad to see you. I all t got any way of expressio it but just sayin' so, but this town is a corker. Why, damn it, I tell you I've been here three days and haven't seen a soul I knew before you came. Now. Chicago ain't like that. Why, hang it all. Chicago a more like Omaha or Deadwood. You meet somebody you know out there, and everybody ain't so particular about his own business but that he's got time to give to yours. Well, how are you? How in hell do you manage to stay in this town anyway? I said I was coming to New York to see the town. I'm here and I'm going to stay till I've seen it, but, by thunder, if you hadn't come along I don't helieve I'd have stayed much longer, unless it was in jail. That follow that was singing had just about wore me out. Well, how d'ye get along? Yain't married yet, are ye? What the naw two. Well, i am damned. Here, you shad bellied son of St. Anthony, you, where in blazes is that whiskey? Stand there gawing like a fat-headed idnot from Dubuque. Where the hell's that whiskey? Two, you said—and married flee years! Well, i am damned. Here, wo shad bellied son of St. Anthony, you, where in blazes is that whiskey? Two, you said—and married flee years! Well, i am damned. I sew you?

Judge Perkins is a child of the boundless prairies, and as he grew up his voice swelled out to fitchis limits. When he delivered these congratulations, ejaculations, and commands in his usual Frenchtown tones, the root-garden audience forget the late of the pretty girl with her shoes full of feet, and devoted its collective attention to the two men at the Judge's table. The singers sang on and the orchestra banged on the drums and bashed on the cymbals. Over it all rase the voice of Judge Perkins, with the sweep in it of the winds in his own bunch-grass covered prairies. It transfixed the andience and hypocitized the waiters, who stood speechless and helpless in soite of his chromatic demands for whiskey. But he had had enough of the roof garden, and it was not difficult to persuade him

to go away for a quiet visit to a bench in Central Park where the sound of his conversation would be mistaken by passers by for the roaring of the over-confined and under-fed tigers.

He had put in three cretty good days exploring New York. He had waised up and down Fith avenue, and had seen the Howery. One day he say the obelisk and some other things in Central Park in the merring, and a ball game in the afternoon. He had been to Bediow's Island to see the Statue of Liberty, and he had spent one whole afternoon watching some ships. One evening he went to see "Trillby," and when Zenzen made his speech the Judge was amused. It reminded him of hon Gibertist running a cattlessie, it is one of the peculiarities of Judge Perkins that when he is amused he laughs. He did it that hight, and they put

of Judge Perkins that when he as a they put laughs. He did it that hight, and they put laughs. He did it that hight, and they put thin out. They said the theatre wasn't built to stand such strains. He premised not to do it again, but they wouldn't run the rick. There is a breezy freshness and vigor about Judge Perkins's laugh that make one think of the road from Pishchville to Kexa Pata, where no two consecutive feet are on the same level and there are no slobes between layels. It is a cross between the report of a li-linch gun and an ocean liner's for whistle. The Judge did not complain. He said he knew his laugh was all title large and joyous and he ought to have restrained himself.

There are a lot of things in this town, said the Judge, telling of his experiences, "that I wish we had in Frenchtown, Now, you take that clerk in the hotel. He's a master, that fellow is, if we had him out there we could sure make something out of him. Maybe he'd get to be Justice of the Peace or County Clerk, You never can tell. Why he's smarter than lots o' men I know in Nellyh. He knew in a minute, soon as he saw me, that I came from Frenchtown, and I hadn't more than put my name down before he asked me if it was true that the corn was all fired out there, or if that was fust a minute, soon as he saw me, that I came from Frenchtown, and I hadn't more than put my name down before he asked me if it was true that the corn was all fired out there, or if that was fust a stone how I could put my wall in that big safe, and all that. And say, I want to ask you, he said it was against the law here for a fellow is may be been so fresh and green in Aug Looking northwestward, along a lazy reac the stream above the bridge that carrie trolley cars over into the new annexed dis trolley cars over into the new annexed dis trolley cars over into the new annexed dis trolley cars over into the new annexed dis

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WHEN MATILDA WAS AWAY

A LAWTER WHO LEARNED SOME
THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

For a Time He Played the Part of Cook,
Seullion. Pot Walloper, and General
House Servant-How He Kindled the
Pire, Made the Hash, Washed the
Dishes, Anawered the Whistle, aed Did
Other Things with the Hete of His
Hetter Hair-Beni Lite in New York.

A middle-sged lawyer living in this city had
some eye-opening experiences in the housekeeping line during the month of July last. His two
children, who are married, have domiciles of
theirown, and hand his wife live by themselves on the third floor of an unstown apartment house. They keep but a single domestic, a
Swede, who is maild of all work, and who "runs

whistle followed her scream. It was the boy
to deliver my daily paper, and he pulled at the
four the damb watter. To de it the save and he pulled at him is watter. He had of the
kettle was rating; the water in It was belling
over; hot steam arose from the red-hot stove.
It was the floor in the floor. The bell of the downstairs floor rang thrice. I rushed to the front
room and looked out of the window. It was the
postman, with a big package of legal documents
of the breakfast. As I was saying that I would
help, there was another biast, and I was
an the kitchen; she told me she would see
to the breakfast. As I was saying that I would
help, there was another biast, and I was
an the kitchen, is the other of the downstairs floor rang thrice. I rushed to the front
room and looked out of the window, It was the
postman, with a big package of legal documents
to me. I maile for the stairs, tripped twice,
grabbed the banisters, got to the ground floor,
and took the package from the letter
carrier, who laughed when he saw me,
help, there was another biast, and I was
an the kitchen; she told me she would see
to the breakfast. As I was saying that I would
help, there was another biast, and I was
an the kitchen is a house of legal documents
the police. I got back to our quarters. My wife
was in the kitchen is a house of legal documents
the police

had we have dever lived that way. Oh, hear, I know we will have the best time we ever had and I will be so glad to be relaxed from a developing.

"Next morning I was better. My wife boiled a kettle of water as the gas state and gave me a hotherwise we need any day in half on hair said of the proposed in the form the day, as I was better the day, as I was nervous. Six or however, it mand to be very usagreeable. If he homework we need any day in half on hair said to the French testacrant. I like to ding a la carte, too, and we can take any one sing any day without readie."

"When is the girl redgy?" he acked "The first side in that saids in duly," she replied.

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A MYSTERY OF IMPORTED BEER. The Sales Increasing in New York, While

the Imports Are Decreasing. It is regarded by some persons as surprising that while the importations of beer have fallen off considerably in the last two years, the consumption of imported beer has increased more than fivefold. Where ten years ago there were, perhaps, a dozen places in town at which imported beer was sold, there are now, probably, six hundred. It has become, to fact, a prime necessity in soloons of the first class to have on draught imported beer, and the multiplicity of each signs is significant of the constantly increasing demand for the beverage. Some saloons keep as many as six or seven varieties of mported heer: but at the same time the receipt of barrels in which it is contained—it is shipped

in barrels, not kegs is constantly failing off.

sour, a cobbler, a fizz, an egguog, a sangaree, a likely to confuse the laymen.
brain-duster, a cup, an Alderman's nip, a The optimist who observes the present strug-

STRIKERS TAKE IT EASY.

ODD FEATURES OF THE CONTEST IN PROGRESS ON THE EAST SIDE.

The Stelke Regun with the Porcknowledge on Both Sides that the Workmen Would Win The Part Played by Heat and Physical Discomfort in Strikes Among the Garment Makers Over in the first Bide.

principle, and happens to live on the lower cast the numerous balls in that region which generals ly serve for more cheerful purposes. In winter they are used for dances and receptions. In summer they stand vacant most of the time, With the thermometer at zero they are hard to ventilate. In most cases they are at the rear with the windows of the surrounding houses only a few feet distant. When the windows are opened there is nothing to blow into them but the air from these narrow spaces. The windows serve poorly enough in winter for ventilation, and in August they are a mockery.

Into the hot halls the strikers crowd. Into a space that might comfortably hold 100, five times preserves it during the ocean voyage and the as many persons are packed. The neighboring atrects, close and warm as they are, are refreshing in comparison with the atmosphere in the rooms where the meetings are held. But a strike is the greater savcers for just this reason. The men most swelter for the sake of the causa They stiffe among circumstances which would prove fatal to an outsider in a very short time. The heat and the had air, the crowding and the perspiring make the strike seem an active, real condition. The heat and the suffocating air impress its hardships on the minds of the men. So they continue to strike when the weather is hottest, when air and ventilation, advantages that they know little of under any conditions, are in the least degree to be had. There are optimists who insist upon the need of of a strike on the east side. They will tell you that the conditions among the people there have improved so since the lockout of the cloakmakers, five years ago, that the ordinary hard-hips of a strike would never be adequate to carry it through without the aggravation that the thermometer contributes. The present strike of garment makers, nota-

tors to comply with the workmen's demands, the earlier struggles. It has been asserted that ent demands was not to be avolded, but the appearance of a fight was deemed necessary. The less of a few days would make the defeat a littie less hum liating to them, and the workmen were likely to feer it more. So the strike was permitted to come, the contractors and the workmen both aware of the inevitable result. Besides having foreknowindge of success, the workmen had the chiering influence of the hope which they derived from the success of the tailors in their recent struggle. The fact that the latter success came to a rival labor orso famous for their mixed drinks, do not have a ganization, the United Garment Workers, did not diminish its effect on the spirits of the bor, competitors of the others in the straggle to could be seen at the bar, like the menu at a res- | found a labor organization. But they are just as much tailors as the men who were on strike last week, although their feedness for desigwords of novely, among which you may see, if | nating themselves specifically as yest makers, you will look at it, a flip, a Julep, a whiskey trousers makers, or short breeches makers, is

stingo, a cooler, a Smith cocktail, a gin sling, a | gle in view of the earlier strikes is ready to back told that besides these peculiar things there supplies. He will tell you that the guest work-

home is desirable and what is as of the White is able to be would it sometime for me, which the would its sometime for me, which is the would it would be a sometime for me, which is the would its sometime for the would it would be a sometime for the would it would be a sometime for the would its sometime for the would it would be a sometime for the would its sometime for the would be a sometime for the would be a sometime for the would be a sometime for the ways.

He was a stalwart Norweala membered as farm hand on a neighboring piace. It happened that there was sent up the street on an erange for the work would would be a farm hand on a neighboring piace. It happened that there was sent up the street on an erange for the work would would be a farm hand on a neighboring piace. It happened that there was sent up the street on an erange for the was sent up the street on an erange for the work of the work of the work of the was sometimed by her add for an instant. We want to some instance with the work of the water should be work and the work again and chackled.

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Milk on Braught.

For ten days a man who looks like a granger, and who claims Snake Hill as his home, has been peddling "milk on draught" to the real-dents of the upper west side of Harlem, and bas been doing a good business. The granger-looking man has with him two cows, which he leads man has with him two cows, which he leads
it tirough the street, yelling at the top of his
voice: "Here you are! Nice fresh milk on tap!"
The charge for the milk is twelve cents a quart
and three cents a glass. The majority of his
customers seem to be the mothers of young
children, who watch the milk drawn fresh from
the cow without any fear of its being adulterated or akimmed before it reaches them.
When asked how he was getting along the man
replied: "Can't complain. Guess I'll have te
double up on my cows if business keeps a box
ing."